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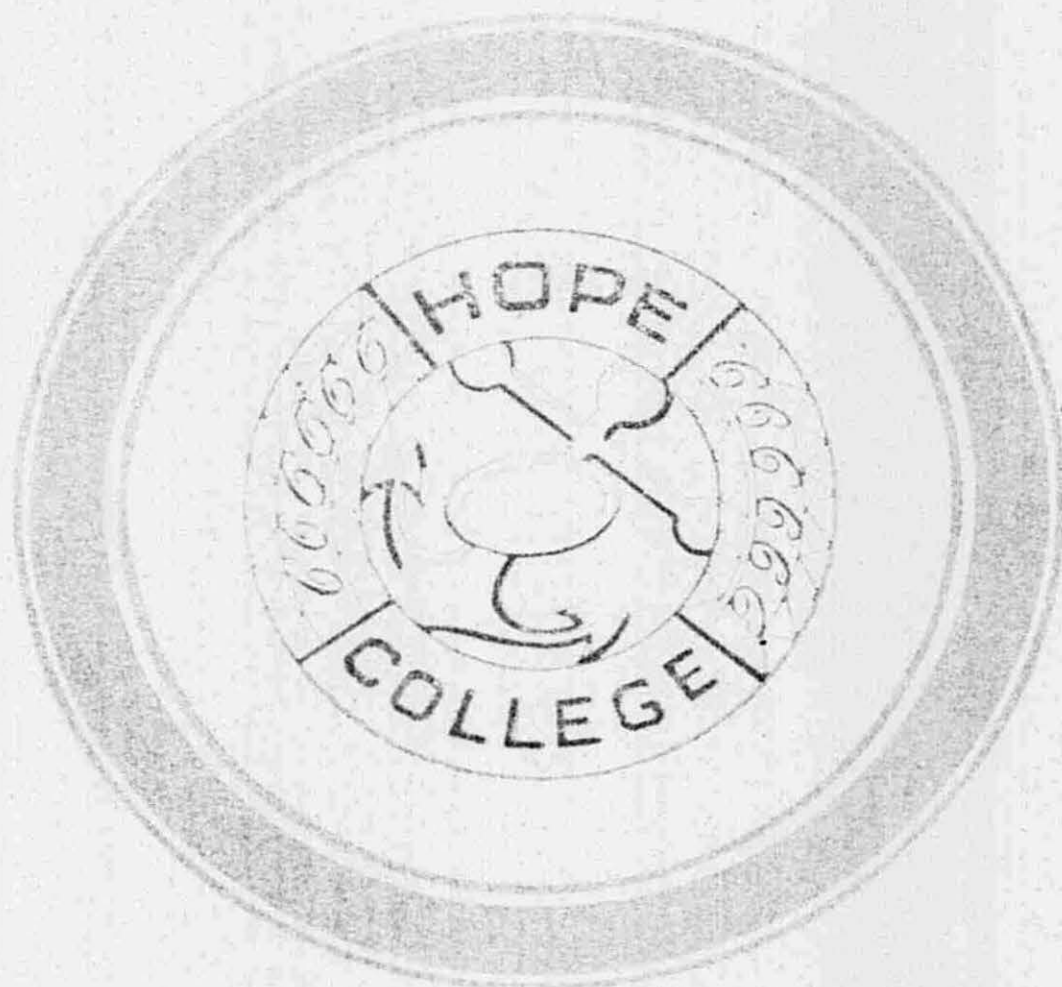
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NOVEMBER, 1907

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The Anchor

"Spera in Deo"

VOLUME XX I

NOVEMBER, 1907

NUMBER 2

CLIMBING THE CENTURIES.

To visit Cairo and not to see the pyramids would be like going to America without seeing New York. Having been piloted through the old and the new of Cairo in the most amiable company of an old Hopeite, Reverend Jerimias Kruidenier, '87, the moment dawned also for us to begin the epoch-making trip of seeing the pyramids. It was well past noon when we started for the Nile bridge, and we made the cab driver lay on the whip so as to get us to this ponderous structure before it should open for the afternoon river-traffic. But the bridge had been opened, and would not be closed till after three hours. The only alternative was to dicker with a ferryman to take us across. We reached the "Pyramid Electric Lines" just in time to see the half hour car leave. We endured this calamity with Christian fortitude, and did not show our indignation as much as three American girls, who stamped their dainty little shoes on the ground, declaring that they would "rather walk it than wait for that old car." But appearances are deceptive, as also the distance to the pyramids, and before the "old car" had gone one-sixth of the distance our impetuous damsels gladly allowed themselves to be picked up.

The six mile ride from Cairo to the Pyramids of Giza is most interesting. On the right side of the car line runs a magnificent highway, and on this highway may be seen the most peculiar mixture of the old and the new. Arab women trudging by with big bundles of twigs on their heads, the long-eared ass jogging lazily along to the tinkle of the bell strung about his neck, and the hump-backed camel, whose

inquisitive nose often comes dangerously near the car window; and all these seemingly unmindful of the handsome phaeton with its cocked hat driver, or of the Pope-Toledo whizzing by in a cloud of dust. On the other side of the car line the sight is no less interesting. Here the Egyptian Shamgar is still plying his ox-goad, while his poor oxen are still at the thankless job of scratching the ground with a crooked tree. Anybody putting his hand to a plow of this kind can certainly ill afford to look backward; besides, such an act would be exceedingly discouraging.

The pyramids stand on the edge of the desert, where the sand hills suddenly rise out of the loamy soil of the Nile valley. No sooner have we alighted from the car than a camel driver makes his camel kneel very temptingly at our feet. But the Arab had found his equal in two Dutchmen, and we marched stolidly up the inclined path to the base of the pyramid. The first desire that seizes a man on getting there is to skip up the terraced side to the top of this manufactured mountain. But not so thinks the Pyramid Company. First a dollar must be paid for an Arab guide and two assistants, then all unnecessary weights are laid aside, while the guides also dress themselves for the occasion by laying aside their "outer garments." Heyo, ho! For the first fifty feet the ascent is quite easy, but then the difficulties begin. The steps are often narrow, and the distance between them is often not less than four feet, and these dimensions are easily exaggerated by a look at the fast receding ground. So the guide taking one of your hands and an assistant the other, they guide and lift you from stone to stone, while the second helper comes on behind to give you an occasional boost when the step is very large. Many men, and more women, who start boldly from the foot, after getting about seventy-five feet up in the air, suddenly lose all interest in climbing pyramids, and charge their guides to get them back to the ground in the shortest possible time consistent with safety.

The guide has been thoroughly coached. He attends to your every wish. If you wish to go fast, fast you go. If you show signs of weariness, he finds an easy place to rest. And while you wait he begins to spin off the most wonderful tales about the pyramids and their environments. He is also very

anxious to know how your folks are getting along, and, without trying to embarrass you, asks whether or not you are married. If you are, he expresses his sorrow at not being able to conduct the "better half" up also; if you are not, he assures you that you soon will be, and you must promise him that you will give him the pleasure of conducting her up the pyramid in the near future. Half way up the Pyramid of Cheops, as the largest is called, the guide draws you into a little alcove and tells you to take a good rest. He goes on to explain that Napoleon, while climbing the pyramid, got very tired when he was half way, and had some of the stones removed to provide this delightful resting place. As you near the top, the guides habitually get into good spirits, and with loud hurrahs they land you on the topmost terrace, four hundred and seventy feet above the ground.

Instead of having "forty centuries looking down upon you," it is now your privilege to look down upon the centuries. And a magnificent view it is. Our vision has no bounds. Looking over the colossal head of the unsolvable sphinx, passing by the many and the imposing ruins of old Memphis, following the stately windings of the ancient Nile, we unconsciously travel on and on, till we stand before the very door of Potiphar's house. We would not have known it, but having read in an extra that there was a wedding on at his house, we could not mistake it, as the sight of gorgeous decorations without and the sound of great merriment within were undoubted signs of the happy occasion which marked the riddance of another daughter. We mingled with the crowd that sought entrance to the house to congratulate the father and the son-to-be. The latter we found to be a handsome young man, whose bearing and manner betrayed excellent training and a noble character. We looked about for the bride, but to our disappointment and surprise we learned that in these parts the bride is never present at the marriage ceremony and the subsequent wedding feast, but has a good time all by herself in a separate apartment, screened off from the jealous eyes of men.

This new thought struck us so forcibly that we hardly knew what we were at till we found ourselves passing along a river bank. Still pondering on this wedding without a woman,

our attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of half a dozen kine coming up out of the river. We went to inspect these creatures more closely, and, upon looking about, we found that they were only a few of a great herd of water buffaloes standing chin-deep in the quiet water on the side of the river, and browsing quite unconcernedly on the water plants floating on the surface.

Still we wandered farther. Our guide told us that we were now in the land of Goshen, and that the place ahead of us was the city of Pithom, known especially for its brick industry. The method of making the bricks is very peculiar. The clayey mud is brought from the river bank in baskets carried on the head. Water is also brought from the river in earthen jugs, likewise carried on the head. The mud and water are dumped together on the hard ground, a quantity of fine cut straw is added, and the whole mass is then worked like the bakers work the dough—with the feet. The water is now allowed to drain off, and when the "dough" is of the consistency essential for mud pies, the pulpy mass is slammed into oblong forms about twenty inches long, eight inches wide, and seven inches high. These square masses of mud are then dumped out on the ground and set on edge to be dried in the sun. As we moved further we noticed that the brick were laid in the wall with the same material of which they were made. The guide explained to us that all these people were captive slaves, who were building a treasure city for Pharaoh. The brick-makers were but poorly clad, a loin cloth being their only vesture. They evidently believed with the poet that

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Hence they were free to move about in the water and mud without much danger of soiling their clothes. Taskmasters, armed with heavy clubs, kept continual watch over the struggling multitude, gruffly urging on the weary straggler and scrupulously "telling the tale" of the bricks. One of these taskmasters in great fury drove us from the field, claiming that by our curious appearance we were drawing the attention of the workmen and retarding the work.

Again reaching the river side, we sat down to meditate

on the sights we had just taken in. But our meditations were soon disturbed by the arrival of a slave woman, who was carrying on her head a little wicker basket daubed with pitch. She cast furtive glances in all directions, but not noticing us behind the clump of brushwood, quietly deposited the little basket among the reeds of the river, and left as stealthily as she had come. We were on the point of investigating the contents of the little craft so suspiciously left among the reeds, when our attention was attracted by the rustle of silks and satins, and we soon saw coming down to the river a richly gowned young woman, attended by a large number of sprightly damsels. To our surprise the young woman boldly stepped into the water, and began washing her hands and feet. She was no sooner splashing the water, however, than a cry as of a child came from the little wicker basket. The young woman was already greatly frightened, and when, upon looking around as to where the sound might come from, she espied us up on the river bank, she gave vent to a scream such as we had never heard in our life. Turning to our guide with scoldings for his not telling us that this was a woman's bathing place, we suddenly found ourselves back upon the top of the big Pyramid of Cheops.

The sun was now nearing the western horizon, and the time had come to descend. At such a dizzy height a jump of four or five feet on to a narrow step is not a daily experience, and, like most novices, we found the going down much more difficult than the going up. While still about fifty feet from the ground, we were led to the door of the pyramid, and were requested to "slide in." We slid down at an angle of about twenty-six degrees through a passage three feet square. When we had traveled about seventy-five feet, the narrow passage turned upward at an equal angle, and we followed it for a hundred feet more. Here a deep well obstructed the passage, but the rocks on the edge of the well have been very conveniently hollowed out in places, so that the tourist can quite comfortably clamber along the wall to the other side. From this juncture one passage leads upwards for one hundred and fifty feet to the King's Chamber, while another leads horizontally for a hundred feet to the Queen's Chamber. After consulting our weary limbs we stated that we would be quite

satisfied with a visit to the latter. The Queen's Chamber occupies a position almost in the center of the big pyramid. It has a triangular roof, and its dimensions are exactly seventeen feet by eighteen feet nine inches, and twenty feet three inches high. In one end wall is a cavity, where, according to our guide, the queen's sarcoph-cophagus was originally found. The temperature in this chamber is nearly equal to that of a Turkish bath, and it was delightful, after another weary slide, once more to breathe the free air.

A little walk toward the back of the pyramid to see the sphinx was to complete the expedition. We never had any idea that the head of the sphinx was of such colossal size. While the face may be expressive, and may tell a credulous excavator many a tale, the element of life and beauty is somewhat lacking. The sphinx also seems to have had considerable nasal trouble in days gone by, as this prominent member of the face has nearly disappeared. It was with considerable effort that we dragged our weary limbs back to the car line. In fact, however much we tried to hide it, we were already under the influence of the inevitable "Pyramid Limp." We limped for many a day, and the trip to the pyramids and the wonderful sphinx will still be fresh in our memory when some day we shall again be privileged to limp across the Hope College Campus.

D. DYKSTRA, '06.

Busrah, Arabia.

BOYS AS THEY APPEAR TO ME.

When this subject was assigned me, I perceived at once that Boys had never appeared to me at all. I had never encountered any object by that name, to the best of my limited knowledge and honest belief. So I applied to the indispensable Unabridged International Dictionary of one, Noah Webster, for enlightenment. The aforesaid indispensable Unabridged informed me that Boy is a term applied to the male young of the genus Homo. I classified it at once as a zoological term and accordingly consulted the professor who handles that particular brand of wisdom. From his discourse I gleaned the following facts:

The Boy is a carnivorous, gregarious and exceedingly active animal, especially when quite young. It has a very long infancy, so that it can be taught more tricks than other animals which mature earlier in life. It lives from thirty to one hundred years, and in some instances even longer. There was one which is said to have lived some nine hundred years. Whether or not it was for this reason that the specimen was called Methuselah, I cannot say.

When the Boy is exceedingly young it is known as an Infant. When it becomes a little older it is called a Baby. In these earliest stages of development it does nothing but eat, sleep, have colic and howl. If it is the youngest of several belonging to the same parents, it is liable to remain a baby till it attains the age of twenty-one years, when it takes unto itself another name. Of the succeeding stages I shall treat at some future time.

When about four years old, the Boy is called a Child. Before this time it has learned to walk, so that it has become an





unconscionable nuisance. It can never be found when wanted and is constantly on hand when not wanted. It requires nourishment from three to fourteen times a day, and begins to develop a strong aversion to soap-suds applied externally.

Its education should begin at about the age of six years, and should continue from eight to twenty years, according to the absorptive ability of the individual animal's brain.

I neglected to mention that throughout its whole life the Boy has a peculiar detachable outer skin composed of several loosely-fitting layers. This outer skin does not renew itself constantly, as does the skin proper. It contains certain peculiar glands, known to science as pockets, which secrete peculiar solids, known according to shape and composition, as nails, marbles, string, jewsharps, jack-knives, candy, etc.

Candy, however, in common with all other edibles, is never kept long in these glands, but is transferred as soon as possible to a huge and insatiable receptacle in the interior of the animal's anatomy, called the stomach. This stomach is the dominating influence, and its pacification the ruling passion, of the animal's whole life, from birth to death.

About the age of ten years, sometimes earlier, the specimen acquires the art of swearing. This art is peculiar to the genus Homo, but is sometimes imparted by the animals of that genus to other beasts catalogued as parrots. Biologically, the parrot is a bird; properly speaking, it is a beast of the most pestiferous sort.

When the Boy becomes about sixteen years of age, it is referred to by means of the pronoun He; possessive, His; objective, Him. For this reason, perhaps, it develops unmistakable symptoms of smartness, which few Homo animals of either sex escape. In some cases the disease becomes chronic and lasts throughout life. Specimens so afflicted are a prolific source of wretchedness to the Homoculturist. Most of the

animals, however, outgrow the disease in course of time and subside to the golden mean of common-sense, so-called. Common-sense is a commodity of such rare occurrence and great value, however, that the epithet "common" is plainly misapplied.

When about eighteen years old, the Boy is apt to go through a process termed "graduating from the High School." On this occasion the Boy, inflated with heated atmosphere, erects himself upon his feet and gives the adults of the genus very sage and valuable advice as to the general management of the world. This period of "graduation" is very fitly termed "commencement," because it is merely the formal opening of a course of hot-air-shooting which continues, except in rare cases, throughout life.

Later on, the more privileged animals "graduate from college." On this occasion they have another attack of inflation which must be relieved in a manner similar to that in the first instance. By this time the specimens have acquired so much book-lore that their heads are fairly bursting with it, so their discourse consists mainly of a complicated collection of material gathered from all the books within their reach. Other animals of both species of the genus sit patiently listening by the hour, wishing that the ushers would distribute, along with the programs, pamphlets with copious notes on the various productions.

The Boy who attains the age of twenty-one attains also the glory of being recognized by the State as a Voter. He now calls himself a Young Man, and begins to show signs of washing his hands occasionally.

If he has not fallen in love before this he usually does so now. If he has, he is liable to another attack. I cannot state the exact nature of this remarkable disease, but an authentic writer says that one of the most pronounced symptoms is this very strange one: The patient acquires a habit of "calling upon" the members of the other species of the genus Homo—the species Girl, of which I shall treat another time. This "calling upon" consists of going to the home of the Girl, for no ostensible purpose, and remaining until 11:30 unless previously ejected by an irate parent. On the occasions of these visits the smaller boy specimens render themselves obnoxious

by concealing themselves under convenient articles of furniture and having to be hauled forth and delivered over to the adults for punishment.

If the attack of love does not result seriously, the Boy is inconsolable for a time, and may even become a Bachelor. If it does result seriously, the operation of Marriage is performed, the specimen is in bliss and calls him a Married Man.

After this, nothing further happens, as a rule, unless the Marriage operation was unsatisfactory, when a more complicated operation of Divorce is performed. This is usually followed by at least one more marriage operation. With this stage the development of the Boy is completed. Nothing of note remains except its Death, which occurs in due time.

B. M. B., H. C. P., '08.

THE EAST INDIA PASSENGER. A STORY FROM THE SEASIDE.

(Continued from October number.)

CHAPTER III.

The news of the Adgillus passing Lizard Head had been received in the village. In many homes preparations were made to welcome husband or father, brother or sweetheart. Even crazy Bernard, as the villagers now called the youth, seemed to be influenced by the atmosphere of expectancy that pervaded the village. Sundry times he passed by Mynheer Van Weteren's mansion, though never once after his long illness had he come near it.

From the windows of the upper story Matilda was patiently looking down upon the sea. But little by little her vista narrowed. A high wind drove the clattering raindrops with steadily increasing force against the window-panes. Wrathfully it shook shutters and blinds and each renewed attack made the maiden's heart tremble with fear and anxiety for her lover. Finally she could endure the torturing noise no longer. Fleeing to her bedroom she buried her head in the cushions, but even then the increasing turmoil of the elements reached her ears.

Twelve o'clock strikes the old belfry. For a moment the

hellish uproar abates. But suddenly, in the short lull, a cannon-shot boomed over the village. Immediately the glare of lamps in many windows was seen; the cry of men, "A ship on the sands!" mingled with the wailing of women. Then was heard the banging of several doors, the shuffling of many feet, and the village was empty and deserted, save for a few stragglers that made their way to the dike, often driven back by the fierce gusts of wind.

Trembling and shivering from cold and rain, stood there those men and women. Anxiously they watched the fruitless efforts of the life savers who now for seven times had tried to bring their boat through the breakers.

Spoke a man in a low voice: "If any one is left on the wreck, he must perish!"

Matilda huddled closer to her father. Drenched to the skin, her teeth chattering, she nevertheless kept an untiring eye on the vessel, that now by the first streaks of dawn became visible. Someone standing near her, whispered to his neighbor: "It may be the Adgillus."

But the old magistrate not at all concerned, said to his pale and trembling daughter: "Who knows? About this time of the year there is so much craft upon this coast."

A shrill, unnatural laugh followed his words. It was Bernard who, approaching the burgomaster, handed him a small package.

"Who gave you this, Bernard?" inquired the astonished Van Weteren.

"Nobody," rejoined the other with a silly laugh.

"I took it, your honor. There's an old man sleeping on the stones below, up to his knees in the water. He held the package very tightly but I wrested it from him. And he never woke, sir!"

At this moment a man was being descried suspended in the rigging of the stranded vessel. Simultaneously with his powerful field glasses the captain of the life saving crew made out the name of the vessel. And for one moment the roar of the deep and the thunder of the hurricane was out-voiced by the wail of pity, that arose from the multitude, when it became known that it was the Adgillus that lay there pounding on the sands.

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"Five hundred guilders for the man who brings a line to the ship!" screamed Matilda Van Weteren.

But the crowd remained unmovable. No one dared to undertake the almost superhuman task. Nobody—except one.

When Bernard Van Weteren heard the cry: "It is the Adgillus," he leaped high as if bitten by a venomous reptile. Then of a sudden his insanity left him. Turning to the half-dead Matilda he spoke slowly:

"I need not your gold, Matilda." And pointing to the ship he resumed huskily:

"But it is he, Matilda; he has come back, has he not?"

The maiden nodded. While she raised her eyes to his face she noticed the expression of resignation it bore. And now for the first time in the long long years that had passed by she read Bernard's secret in his dark, melancholy eyes.

The youth was the first to break the silence. "I will go, for your sake, Matilda," he said quietly.

The woman answered not. A fierce struggle raged in her heart. The friend of her youth, ah! her brother, could she accept such an offer?

But the combat was short. Love, more selfish than any other thing, ready to give the most precious offer to gain the ends, conquered.

"Go, Bernard, go quickly," she panted.

But now the old burgomaster held fast the youth. "Fool," he yelled angrily, "would you die for one you know not? Nay, my son," he continued persuasively, "rather think how long and happy you might live, by farming Lazarus Huick's place I bought but yesterday!"

But impatiently the young man tore himself away from the magistrate's grasp. Angrily the veins swelled on his forehead and in a voice trembling with passion and full of scorn he broke out: "You? you would call me a son? You, who have shown yourself so heartless a father? It was you that because of a crust of bread would have thrust me back into the sea, from which a merciful God had saved me in order that you might succor one of his creatures with the abundance He gave you in trust. It was you that turned me out when you thought I might become an obstacle to your plans, greedily, selfish, heartless old man!"

With these words he broke through the crowd and rushed down the dike-path.

"The big fool! the ungrateful dog!" muttered the old burgomaster under his breath, "but perhaps they both will perish!"

Carefully the men below veer out the line. Now the brave youth has come to the leeward of the wreck. He waves to the man in the rigging. Awe stricken the crowd holds its breath. One moment, and the unhappy survivor plunges into the seething mass. "Has he struck the line?" they ask themselves. The next moment they know. There is only one man.

They turn their eyes from the awful scene. The rude men, their faces pale and drawn, the women and children weeping. But the little steel grey eyes of Burgomaster Van Weteren glisten wickedly from under the shaggy eyebrows and almost imperceptibly a smile plays round his thin lips.

Hand over hand the life savers pulled in the line and laid the unconscious human form against the dike. But as soon as Matilda saw it she sprang forward and crying out: "Peter, my Peter!" knelt down beside the prostrate man. Tenderly she took the limp head in her lap and stroked the matted hair from his brow. The lead colored eyelids slowly parted and full of wonderment Peter Lamberts stared at her. A faint smile spread over his face; the eyes closed again, and the young seaman sank back into his unconscious state with a feeling of utter helplessness and yet indescribable joy and safety.

Two days later the old magistrate opened the package taken from the body of the East India passenger. Amongst other valuable documents he found a note, reading thus:

"I, Taco Van Nyevelt, bequeath all my possessions in the East Indies to Peter Lamberts, second mate on board the Adgillus, whom I have but lately discovered is my only son and heir. Shame for my neglect and cruelty toward his mother and little brother, whom twenty years ago I sent back to Holland to shift for themselves, restrains me from disclosing my relation to the young man. Something presages me (and it would be only Heaven's just punishment) that I shall find my grave where my wife and little son are supposed to

have drowned."

"Aha! is it so!" exclaimed the burgomaster sagaciously. Then he ran upstairs in great haste, and entered the chamber where Frau Van Weteren and Matilda nursed the convalescent mate.

"Read this document, my friend," he said; "it will make your heart glad. And," added he in a magnanimous tone, "we'll forget all about our little quarrel."

But when Peter Lamberts had read the document he cried bitterly: "What do I care for money and possessions? Can they bring back to life my father, the East India passenger, and my brother Bernard? Alas!" he groaned, why must our joy always be marred? Why must death share even our wedding-feast?"

But Matilda placed her hand over his lips. "Be quiet, Peter," she entreated gently; and pointing down upon the sea, the slow heaving waves of which were colored golden by the setting sun, she said:

"Lo! but for the destructive storm of yesterday, you would now thoughtlessly launch your frail bark upon yon calm, golden wave. But Grief, my love, joins our bark stronger and sorrow trims the sails set too proudly to withstand life's storms."

The splendid funeral of poor Bernard Van Weteren lingered long in the memory of the villagers. They also recall the emotion of Burgomaster Van Weteren on that occasion, and how two large tears rolled over his cheeks. And some said: "See how he loved Bernard, even though he was not his father." But others, in their simplicity, said: "Nay, but Bernard's was a true love." HENRY K. PASMA, '10.

A THANKSGIVING MORNING.

Is there ever a day like the Thanksgiving day, when one is a child? Long before daylight, we children are up and dressed. Even a minute of such a day is too precious to be spent in bed. Our tired parents are soon aroused and the hasty breakfast soon finished. Indeed, Thanksgiving breakfasts, as a rule, seem stale and unprofitable, even to grown-ups, in comparison with the anticipated glories of the long-awaited dinner. At eight o'clock we begin to sigh and groan.

Will it ever be dinner-time? Again we make the round of the spacious pantry. Every shelf creaks with its load of pies and cakes. Even the floor is filled with jars of pickles and preserves and crocks of cookies and doughnuts. There in one corner, leaning lazily against the wall, is grandma's huge old platter, all dusted ready for use. That reminds us once more of the crowning glory of the feast to come. Back we scamper into the kitchen, nearly throwing mother off her balance as she stoops down at the oven to baste the turkey. "Oh, goody!" cry the girls. "Oh, gee! cry the boys. For there, amid a cloud of savory steam, laden with an odor delicious enough to tickle the palate of an epicure, lies the turkey, the center of all our hopes and speculations for weeks past. His breast is bursting with the dressing with which mother has stuffed him, and already his wings and legs are assuming a golden-brown tint. One after another, we longingly press close to mother's arm to get one good whiff, and with a sigh step back to give place to the next one, when alas! the oven door is closed and mother entreats father to "amuse the children—anything to keep them out of the kitchen." Banished from this Mecca of our dreams, we go to the barn to get nuts to crack and to the cellar to bring up apples and a great pitcher of cider. Suddenly there is a jingle of bells. Out we rush. Our cousins, aunt and uncle have come. While mother's back is turned, as she cordially welcomes aunt and uncle, we call our cousins aside and rush pell-mell to the kitchen, round by the back way, and there reveal to delighted eyes and nostrils the unspeakable delights of pantry and kitchen. We are just closing the oven door with guilty care, when mother and aunt enter. Again we are expelled and soon with father and uncle we are all packed into uncle's big sleigh, and are off for church. Never were such slow, poky hymns sung. Never was such a long prayer uttered or such a tiresome sermon preached. Anyway, what had "Plymouth Rocks" to do with Thanksgiving? We ate Plymouth Rocks Sunday noons at dinner. At last it was over, and again we are huddled in the sleigh. Even the horses seem aroused now. Home at last, we flock to the dining room. How can I describe that table? How can I give the faintest idea of how the turkey looked and smelled and tasted? Let it do to say

that by the next Monday we had usually sufficiently recovered under mother's skillful treatment, to enable us to attend school.



THE ANCHOR.

Published by THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, Hope College, Holland, Mich.

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THE LECTURE COURSE.

Two of the many advantages for culture that were offered to this community during the last month were the lecture by Will Carleton and the concert by the Mme. Josephine Jacoby Concert Company.

The theme of Will Carleton's lecture was "Success." Although this seems to be an old subject, he clothed it in new truths. Success, according to the speaker, is the accomplishment of that which one undertakes, because he undertakes it. It is also the accomplishment of that which God intended when he created us. For two hours Mr. Carlton kept the rapt attention of the audience, while he revealed the various links in the chain of success. He placed among the great requisites of success, health, financial responsibility, beneficence, patriotism, patience and loyalty to God. All these points were vivified and strengthened by poems of the lecturer's own composition.

The Mme. Josephine Jacoby Concert Company's entertainment was certainly a rare treat to the musicians of Holland and its vicinity. Every singer of the quartette displayed a well trained voice and the pianist showed great skill in his art. The audience departed, being well pleased with the program.

Hope is certainly offering an excellent course for very reasonable prices, and the people of Holland are not slow in taking advantage of this opportunity.

SECRETARIES' VISITS TO HOPE.

During the past month we have had two very helpful visits, one from Mr. Rogers, the Y. M. C. A. State Secretary, the other from Miss Elizabeth Harris, National Secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement. Mr. Rogers did a good work among the young men and left behind him great help and inspiration for the year's work. Miss Harris, by her sweet, strong personality, positive Christian character, and earnest pleas for more helpful Christian lives of service did all who heard her or came in contact with her a great deal of good. Notwithstanding the rain, a large crowd turned out to hear her the night of November 1, in Winant's chapel. We welcome these visitors in our midst. Their visits result not only in a little enthusiasm which lives but a few weeks, but in inspiration and practical help for stronger and more helpful lives for all the future.

THE PHILAGOTHIANS.

We are glad to announce to our Anchor readers that a third literary society has been organized among the young men of the College Department. We have long felt the need of such an organization as the two existing societies were unable to accommodate all the young men, consequently several were barred from the benefits accruing from a literary society. For general training and all around development society life is indispensable. The new society has been organized under the name of the Philagothians. The officers are: President, David Van Strein; vice president, John Myskens; secretary, James Ver Burg; treasurer, Verne Oggel; sergeant-at-arms, Anthony Ver Hulst; keeper of archives, Albertus Van Raalte.

DIE DEUTSCHE GESELLSCHAFT.

Den 24. October wurde die Deutsche Gesellschaft von Hope College gebildet. Die Zweck dieser Gesellschaft ist, das Interesse in der Deutschen Sprache und Literatur, und auch in der Kunst und in dem Liebe Deutschlands zu vermehren. Das Deutsch ist eine lebendige Sprache und das Ziel der Gesellschaft ist, um dieses scheinbar zu machen. Die Gesellschaft

versammelt sich jeden Monat an den zweiten Donnerstag des Monats. Das Programme der Versammlung ist folgendes: Als die Mitglieder der Gesellschaft sich versammeln werden sie mit einander unterhalten bis die Zeit kommt den Vortrag des Abends zuzuhören. Dies nimmt vielleicht eine halb Stunde. Nachdem wird das Programme musikalisch oder literarisch. Die Musik hat immer einen grossen Teil des deutschen Lebens gehabt, und deshalb sollen alle Deutschen Gesellschaften viel daraus machen. Endlich wird ein um diesen Zweck ausgewählter Komitee die bereiteten Erfrischungen vorbringen, und zuletzt kommt das Essen und das Gespräch zu Ende. Die ersten Beamten der Gesellschaft sind: Der Praesident (temporaer), Prof. H. R. Brush; der Unterpraesident, John Plasman; der Sekretaer, Grace Van Zoeren; der Schatzmeister, A. Veenker.

DEFINITIONS.

Good—We.
Bad—They.
Right—What we do.
Wrong—What they do.
Salary—Our wages.
Wages—Their salary.
Reputation—That which one is unable to live up to.
Income—That which one is unable to live down to.
Revolution—An event in politics of which one rejoices at being the daughter, but ashamed to be the mother.—Moderator-Topics.

HOW TO KILL A COLLEGE PAPER.

1. Do not subscribe. Borrow your neighbor's. Be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisements and trade with the other fellow. Be a chump.
3. Never hand in a news item and criticize everything in the paper. Be a coxcomb.
4. If you are a member of the staff play pool or tenpins when you ought to be tending to your business. Be a shirk.
5. Tell your neighbor that you pay too much for the paper. Be a squeeze.

If you can't get a hump on your anatomy and make it a success—be a corpse.—Ex.

ATHLETICS.

Holland Independents 6, Hope 8.

Grand Rapids High School 4, Hope 8.

€ Holland High School 0, Hope 10.

Holland High School 6, Hope 0.

This is Hope's record in football for the past month. Perhaps you think it is not as brilliant as it should be; that we should have met college men on the gridiron instead of High School boys and an independent team. So we should; but this is no reflection on the management or team. Considering the circumstances we are surprised that they have accomplished even so much. Last year we could not even get eleven men out for practice. This year without a coach, with faculty discouraging, with spirit absolutely dead, and students interested in other sports, enough enthusiasm has been created to organize a winning team. Besides we have now found a coach, a man who is in earnest and who knows the game. Prof. Helmers of the local High School has generously consented to give us an hour every day to put the team in condition. This means that before the season closes, Hope will take a just pride in her victories in football. So far football has been a glorious success, not because we have made a fair record, but because an enthusiastic interest has been revived. And we are confident that next year every man in college will consider it an honor to represent Hope on the squad.

Interest in gymnasium work is keener than ever. So many applications for entrance to special classes have been filed that a change in the daily schedule has become necessary. The students of the seminary have the exclusive use of the floor from one-thirty to two-thirty every afternoon. From two-thirty to four is the girls' time for calisthenics and basket ball. The college men take complete possession of the gym. from four to five-thirty. That they may learn how to make proper use of the apparatus with which the gym. is so adequately equipped, and that monopoly of the floor may be avoided, their work has been reduced to a system. Two squads, which meet on alternate days, have been organized.

They spend the first ten minutes in breathing exercises, after which the class is divided into squads for apparatus work. The last forty minutes the floor is cleared for basket ball, but only those who have taken part in the preceding exercises are allowed to play. The students surely are proving that they appreciate the gift of Mr. Carnegie. But much of the interest is due to Mr. Geo. De Kruif, our physical director, who is a constant inspiration, especially to those who need vigorous physical exercise most.

The basket ball seasons has not yet opened; but already the first and second teams are practicing faithfully. Punctually at nine five nights a week both teams are on hand ready for a pleasant hour of strenuous practice. Under the effective coaching of De Kruif both teams are showing great promise. There is a marked improvement in style of play and speed. The enthusiasm of the team, citizens and students is becoming more intense with the near approach of regular scheduled games, the first of which will occur about the middle of November. After Thanksgiving Day the manager hopes to have one game every week. During the winter term the big fives will come. And if Hope does not eclipse her record of last year, it will not be due to the inefficiency of the coach or the faithlessness of the squad.

FOOTBALL DAYS.

The football days have come again;

The gladdest of the year;

One side of Willie's nose is gone

And Tom has lost an ear.

Heaped on the field the players jab

And punch, and claw, and tear;

They knock the breath from those beneath

And gouge without a care;

They break each other's arms and legs

And pull joints out of place,

And here and there is one who gets

His teeth kicked from his face.

The Freshman and the Sophomore

Besmear'd with grime and mud.

Go gallantly to get the ball
 And quit all bathed in blood;
 The Senior knocks the Junior down
 And kicks him in the chest,
 The high-school boy is carried home
 And gently laid to rest;
 While here and there a crowded stand
 Collapses 'neath its weight;
 And forty people get more than
 They paid for at the gate.

Oh brave, oh happy, careless days,
 How deep the mother's joy,
 The times she thinks of all the things
 They're doing to her boy;
 How proud she is to know that he
 Is on the team. How sweet
 His face appears to her, since it
 Is only bloody meat.
 With honest pride she lays away
 His amputated ear,
 And puts his eye in alcohol
 To be a souvenir.

—Pennsylvania State College Monthly.

ALUMNI NOTES.

1883. On account of ill health, Rev. Stapelkamp has been obliged to resign as pastor of the First Reformed Church of Orange City, Iowa. He expects to come to Holland, Mich., and take a rest until his health shall permit him to resume his work.

'04. Rev. Willis Hockje has left for the Foreign Field. He will work at Saga, on the island Kuishin, South Japan.

'83. In a letter from Amoy, China, Dr. Otte writes that the natives pay a large proportion of the cost of maintaining the Hope Hospital. They are out of debt and God blesses their work.

'73. Rev. John Hoekje has accepted a call to Gelderland, Mich.

And "where, O where can **they** be!" Who? The '07's.

Miss Mae Busse is staying at home in Holland.

Miss Martha De Jong and Paul E. Hinkamp are teaching at the Wisconsin Memorial Academy, Cedar Grove, Wis.

Messrs. B. De Young, Phil Jonker, Joseph Sizoo, Mannes Stegeman and John Van Zanten are attending the Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J.

Mr. John Roggen is taking a post-graduate course at Ann Arbor.

Mr. Arthur Roosenraad is teaching Latin and Greek in the Academy at German Valley, Ill.

Mr. Gerrit Van Peursen is attending the Seminary at Princeton, N. J.

Mr. John Van Dyke is teaching school at Georgetown, Mich.

Messrs. Mollema, Muller and Hankamp are enrolled as students of the Western Theological Seminary.

Mr. John Slagh is teaching at New Gronigen.

Mr. James Veneklassen is engaged in business at Zeeland, Mich.

Mr. Paul Kleinheksel is studying law at Ann Arbor.

Mr. Arnold Mulder is in the state of Washington seeing sights and experiencing experiences.

'83. From the Christian Intelligencer we glean the following:

The Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions met on October 9. Dr. Albert Oltmans, of the North Japan Mission, was present and stated to the committee that owing to family conditions, after much prayer and much thought, and with great reluctance, he felt it necessary to ask for a release from his connection with the Board for a number of years.

Dr. Oltmans joined the South Japan Mission in 1886, and in 1904 went to Tokyo to assume the position of Professor in the Theological Department of the Meiji Gakum of the North Japan Mission. In both Missions he has rendered most excellent service.

The committee accepted his resignation with deep regret and with sincere appreciation of his valuable service in Japan. It was voted that the resignation take effect May 1, 1908. This enables the Board to avail itself of his services among

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the churches till that date. It also leaves him free to accept, after that date, any opening here at home which may present itself to him. H. COBB, Corresponding Secretary.

Having been asked to add a personal statement to the above, I can only say that no one regrets more than I do the present necessity of my withdrawal from the active work on the foreign field. I was never more interested in Foreign Missions than I am at present, and look upon the work, especially in Japan, as more faith- and hope-inspiring than it ever has been before. Had any one of us a thousand lives to give, we might well, without hesitation, and with boundless enthusiasm, give them all for the evangelization of the Orient, which is to play such an important part in the near history of the world. A. OLTMANS.

EXCHANGES.

Many are the Exchanges that have already made their appearance on our exchange table. And we are glad to see them. We welcome them one and all. The more the merrier, for it is rather interesting to glean the various numbers and note the varying "College spirit" manifested, the joys and sorrows of our fellow students, as well as to compare the literary merits of the different Exchanges.

We are especially glad to mark the arrival of a new Exchange that has but lately sprung into existence and represents the Academy at Cordell, Oklahoma. Welcome, Academician.

"Come and join the happy throng,

That shakes the world and wakes the song."

Allow us to congratulate you upon your good beginning. Keep on and success will crown your efforts.

We most heartily greet the advent of "The Bugler," of Russell, Kansas, also a new Exchange. May your notes be

"Long and loud and shrill and high,

And crowned with laurels bye and bye."

Seniors, and even Juniors and Freshmen, who desire to recall their Freshmen aches and pains, can do so by reading "Freshmen Experiences," as described in "The Pleiad." It is interestingly written and a reading of it may put in closer

sympathy with the "ever-too-green-to-be-roasted" Freshmen.

The October number of the Calvin College Chimes contains a capital editorial on our relation to missions. The point specially emphasized in it is that praying for missions is not sufficient; we must work for it as well. This paper as a rule contains good articles; however, they would be far more appreciated if they were written in the English language.

An interesting paper is the latest "Dictum Est." It contains some short, snappy stories, and the various editors seem to have done their best to make that issue a success.

The College Index can compliment itself on the neat and timely cover design of its October issue.

We are sorry to note that "Purple and Gold" is minus an exchange column, and what is worse, not even an exchange editor. May we not advise the staff of that paper to turn one of their numerous local editors into an exchange editor?

BUBO'S NOOK.

It will cause genuine sorrow to our friends and patrons to learn that Bubo has been compelled by ill health to resign the editorship of the "Nook" and to depart for the South. The trip to England, ostensibly for study, was taken also because of failing health and inability to endure the chilly days of late spring. The benefit derived therefrom was merely mental and the return trip on the Lusitania was made with a great deal of suffering. A severe cold contracted after the fall into the peat bog greatly augmented already serious physical disorders and the raw, damp atmosphere of Western Michigan was, in the words of the poet, "the straw that broke the camel's back." So in the parlance of "Brer" Remus, Bubo "jess humped hissef" to warmer climes, there to remain until swallows nest again.

As a consequence the department will be discontinued until next April. However, arrangements have been made with the Chicago American for the benefit of our friends and patrons whereby questions may be sent as usual to Bubo, but will be answered in the columns of our enterprising western journal, the friend of the laboring man. Madame Qui Vive, the beauty specialist, Beatrice Fairfax, Dorothy Dix and

"Tad" have been placed at the service of our friends and patrons.

TINTINNABULUM.

Tinkle, tinkle, Little Bell,

When the Dean throws wide the Door;

Tinkle, tinkle, Little Bell,

When we stand face to the Floor.

Tinkle, tinkle, Little Bell,

When the Commissary Speaks;

Tinkle, tinkle, Little Bell,

As He tells of rise in Meats.

Tinkle, tinkle, Little Bell,

When the Dean is not at Hand;

Tinkle, tinkle, Little Bell,

When I. V. W. leads the Band.

Tinkle, tinkle, Little Bell,

When Friend Peter takes the Floor;

Tinkle, tinkle, Little Bell,

Meeting's on when lunch is O'er.

T-I-N-K-L-E, T-I-N-K-L-E, Little Bell,

When the Boys, the Boys, are Bad;

T-I-N-K-L-E, T-I-N-K-L-E, Little Bell,

N-A-U-G-H-T-Y, N-A-U-G-H-T-Y—makes Us Sad.

Tinkle, tinkle, Little Bell,

When Repast is where it Wasn't;

Tinkle, tinkle, Little Bell,

Michael, Michael Chuzzlewit.

Tinkle, tinkle, Bell Sedate,

Noise in Hall and Cloister Quell;

Meek Young Maidens Sintillate,

Terribell, Terribell.

Pretty Bell, dainty Bell,

Oleaginously Chime;

Silver Bell, shining Bell,

Tinkle, tinkle, All the Time.

WHAT THEY SAY.

"Stones grow."—J. Vis, '10.

"I saw Geo. De Kruif out buggy riding."—McLean.

"So did I."—Willis Diekema.

"I've got a real joke for the Anchor."—Miss Keppel.

"I think the air in large cities is as pure as that in the country."—J. Wichers.

"I studied ethics the other day for five hours and then didn't know what I'd read."—Schaeffer, '08.

"The man with the withered hand was commanded to take up his bed and walk."—Sichterman.

"A pessimist is one who sees naught but the hole in a doughnut; an optimist sees the doughnut."—Prof. Kleinheksel.

"The difference between a pessimist and an optimist is the doughnut. One ate it, the other didn't."—Cheerful Prevaricator.

"The only requisite for membership in the Deutsche Gesellschaft is the ability to say 'Ich liebe dich.'"—Misner.

"An Oxford student will wear, for instance, a green waistcoat with a red tie."—Prof. Nykerk.

"I haven't seen a woodpecker in Holland for ten years."—Prof. Yntema.

"I read in one of Mark Twain's books of a native of Switzerland whose farm in the mountainside was so small that one day losing his balance he fell out of the field."—Prof. Kuizenga.

HOPE COLLEGE NEWS.

(By Verne Oggel.)

The following subjects for orations have been submitted to prospective orators:

"Western Michigan as a Fruit Belt."

"Bull Durham, an Incentive to Study."

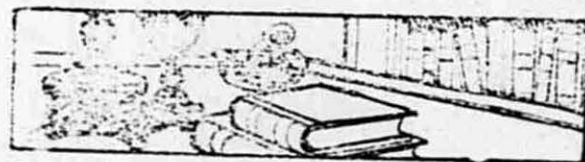
"The Voorhees Dormitory, or a Home for Girls."

Mr. Wm. Myskens recently translated "desiderio naturalis potioni," "a desire for mineral water."

Alumni notes are always acceptable, even in this department. We print one lately received from one of our kind

interested patrons, at present far beyond the Ohio river:

"Mannes Stegen is out here, as you know, and his journey hither was marked by an incident of unusual interest. Mannes is a great friend of cold tea and his mother prepared a bottle for use on the way. It was milkless. The car was crowded and people soon saw Mannes handling the bottle. Finally he got up, took a drinking glass and poured some out for me. It foamed like the "real stuff," but Mannes in his matter-of-fact way handed the beverage across the aisle. By this time all eyes were upon us, and X—— and I were fairly stifled because of suppressed laughter. I drank the tea—and what do you think? A lady seated in front of Mannes started to preach a temperance discourse and Mannes began to tumble. But the jig was up and the "surge" down. This was not the worst, for directly ahead of me sat a fat, red-facer toper who, encouraged by our public drinking, pulled out a young jug and soon a musical stream of the "adorable liquid," etc., etc.!!



STUDETS Why not make your room cosy. You can do it at a very small cost, by getting a few tasty pictures, a mirror, and a paper holder at
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 —AND—
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 209 Central Avenue. Citizens Phone 34. Bell Phone 20

Dr. JAMES O. SCOTT, Dentist.
 Office over Doesburg's Drug Store. Evenings by appointment. Citizens Phone 441



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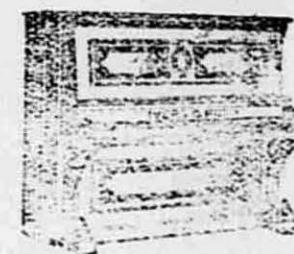
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